

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG BEGINS NEW OFFENSIVE

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Penny.

THE PUSH TOWARDS ST. QUENTIN—HOW THE FRENCH GOT ACROSS A WRECKED BRIDGE.



Before retreating the Germans blew up this bridge, which spans the Canal du Nord, between Nesle and Ham, two places which are once more in possession of their rightful owners. The idea, of course, was to hold up the poilus who were hot on their heels,

but our gallant Allies were not going to wait until a temporary structure was built, and got across in the manner shown. Too great a weight was not put upon the bridge, with the result that a mass of men passed over it safely.—(From L'Illustration.)

P.165170 P.19408 P.19408 P.12015 P.6858A P.19404A
AIRMEN UPON WHOM DECORATIONS HAVE BEEN CONFERRED—ONE OF THE PASHLEY BROTHERS KILLED.



Commander W. F. Sells, R.N., created an officer of the Legion of Honour.



Horace E. P. Wigglesworth, R.N.A.S., D.S.C. and Croix de Guerre.



Flight-Commander A. W. Clemson, R.N.A.S., awarded D.S.C.



Second Lieutenant Cecil Pashley, R.F.C., of Shoreham Aerodrome, killed.



Flight-Commander C. A. R. Edwards, R.N.A.S., awarded the D.S.C.



Flight-Commander Bertram Charles Bell, who has been awarded the D.S.O.

PUBLIC WELCOME TO NEW FOOD LEAGUE.

Suggested Pledge of Honour Scheme.

HOUSEWIVES PLEASED.

There is tremendous enthusiasm in all parts of the country for the suggested scheme of a great National League of Food Patriots who shall voluntarily sign a pledge to eat less.

Letters approving the proposal are pouring into *The Daily Mirror* Office from almost every corner of the kingdom urging that the Government should adopt the scheme.

One enthusiastic supporter of the proposed league—an official of the municipality—writing from Leeds, says that a Government call to the nation to join the National League of Food Patriots would result in 10,000,000 members pledging themselves and being enrolled within a week.

EVERYBODY WOULD WANT ONE.

"The idea of an official buttonhole badge of honour for every person who signs the national pledge 'to abide faithfully by such restrictions in the consumption of food as may be laid upon me by the Food Controller' is a splendid one," he writes.

"Within a fortnight or twenty days of the scheme's official inception not one man or woman in every ten would dare to go about or be seen without his or her national badge.

"The badgeless person would be distinguished at once as a food hog—one who does not care for his country and apparently approves of Germany's inhuman submarine campaign.

"There can be no real objection to the scheme.

"It is so perfectly simple and practicable and could be put into operation immediately. What has Lord Devonport to say to it?"

CERTIFICATES FOR THE HOME.

A City professional man's wife living at Gidea Park supports wholeheartedly the idea of the National Pledge, but suggests that a certificate rather than a button should be returned to housewives who pledge themselves in writing to abide by the Food Controller's restrictions.

"After all," she said, "the success of any great voluntary effort in food economy is, of necessity, chiefly dependent on the patriotic enthusiasm of the housewives of the country, and the housewife will always proudly display in her home or in her house window a Government certificate in preference to wearing a badge.

"Such a certificate should be produced in attractive style and in addition to signifying in simple terms the Government's appreciation of the household's pledge, should include a drawing by some famous artist typifying the serious effort of the country in its hour of trial.

"Imagine the effect of the exhibition of these certificates in the windows of private houses.

"The whole street, and probably the whole district, would be displaying the certificates within a week of the appearance of the first one.

THE OUTWARD SYMBOL.

On the other hand, a City man and a young woman secretary with whom *The Daily Mirror* also discussed the scheme, both considered that a badge or button to be worn in the buttonhole would appeal to them most.

"We might have a certificate at home," pointed out the young woman, "but, then, I am away from home most of the day, and I should like my friends at business to see that I had joined the league and was obeying the Food Controller.

"A badge of honour which I could wear personally would tell them plainly enough.

"Incidentally, too, it would create discussion and, what is more important, secure more pledged converts to strict food economy."

"REJECTED WITH SCORN."

Maharajah Denounces Idea of Republican Organisation.

"These views and suggestions will be repudiated with scorn and looked upon with repugnance throughout the length and breadth of the Indian Empire."

So said the Maharajah of Bikanir yesterday at Manchester, where he received the freedom of the city, in reference to Mr. H. G. Wells's letter in *The Times* suggesting the formation of a republican organisation.

"In India," added the Maharajah, "our teaching, our traditions and our sentiments are deeply inspired by veneration and devotion to the Sovereign.

"I speak not only for my brother princes and myself, but also on behalf of the masses of India and also on behalf of the Indian Empire."

MME. BERNHARDT A LITTLE BETTER.

New York, Monday.—The latest bulletin states that, after a poor day yesterday, Mme. Bernhardt passed a comfortable night, and that her condition this morning is slightly improved.

The physicians have not decided as to whether a transfusion of blood is necessary, but the matter has been considered.—Central News.



Firing a Maxim gun at an aeroplane in France.—(Official photograph.)

LOST DESTROYERS.

Both German Vessels Were of the Latest Type.

TWO T.B.D.s DAMAGED.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The *Maandagochtenblad* learns from its correspondent on the frontier that both the German destroyers sunk off the English coast had their base at Zebrugge.

About seven o'clock on Friday evening a squadron of eight vessels left that port.

Both the sunk destroyers were of the most recent type, with four funnels. Two other destroyers also were seriously damaged.

A number of wounded sailors were brought on Saturday by ambulance to Bruges. In the evening and on Sunday great vigilance was displayed at Zebrugge. The searchlights were continually active and there was frequent signalling by rockets.—Reuter.

M.P. GETS DAMAGES.

Judge Discourages Appeal Against Verdict in Railway Libel Case.

In the King's Bench Division yesterday Mr. Justice Darling entered judgment, with costs, in the trade union libel and slander action brought by Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and other officials of the National Union of Railwaymen against Mr. George Moore and others, of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen.

The jury found that the defendants, Mr. George Moore, Mr. W. W. Cooke, Mr. W. Gamble and Mr. John Bromley had conspired together to slander the plaintiffs and that all the defendants had slandered the plaintiffs.

They awarded as damages £150 to Mr. Thomas, £150 to Mr. Bellamy, £50 to Mr. Williams, £25 to Mr. Lowth, £25 to Mr. Hudson, £25 to Mr. Cramp, £25 to Mr. Charles, and £25 to Mr. Culbertson—£475 in all—payable £150 by Mr. Moore, £150 by Mr. Bromley, £50 by Mr. Cooke, £50 by Mr. Gamble, £50 by Mr. Drummond, and £25 by Mr. Wilson.

They also awarded £50 damages to Mr. Thomas, Mr. Williams, Mr. Lowth, Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Bellamy against Mr. Moore for libel.

Judgment was given in favour of the defendants, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Drummond, on the allegation of conspiracy.

A stay of execution was refused, the Judge saying he felt it his duty to discourage further litigation between the parties in the Court of Appeal at such a time.

MAN WITH THE RINGS.

Detective Who Was Not Satisfied with a Traveller's Explanation.

Seeing Samuel Otto, sixty-two, a traveller, of Beaumont-square, Mile End, going into public-houses at Lancaster-road, Notting Hill, on Sunday displaying gold watches and rings, Detective Isaac questioned him.

Otto told the officer that he was a dealer, and had the jewellery on sale or return. Not being satisfied with the explanation, the officer took Otto to the police station. On the way Otto fumbled in his overcoat pocket, and a few seconds later a little girl ran up to him and said: "Sir, you have just dropped this," handing him an old-fashioned French gold watch.

Mr. Bonar Law has informed Major Newman that all possible steps are being taken to reach an agreement with the Russian Government as to the best use to be made, in the interests of the Alliance, of Russian subjects of military age in this country.

COMING SECRET SESSION.

Mr. Bonar Law informed Mr. Churchill, in the House of Commons last evening, that he hopes to give the date of the secret session by the end of the week. In that session the question of man-power could be best discussed.

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"HELP YOURSELF."

Restaurants Where All the Customers Wait on Themselves.

SAVES TIME AND WASTE.

The "every man his own waiter" movement, which has long flourished in American restaurants, has spread to England.

A Government Department have recently installed for the use of their clerks a "help yourself" canteen where, no waiters are employed.

Between ten and eleven each morning each clerk gives his or her luncheon order and a slip equivalent is given them. In this way the cook is able to estimate exactly the amount of each dish required and waste is eliminated.

At lunch time the clerks enter the lunch-room, go up to an opening in the kitchen wall and hand in their order slip. In exchange they receive a loaded plate which they convey to their table themselves.

When the dish is finished they hand the used plate into another opening labelled "soiled dishes," and pass on to receive their pudding in the same manner.

"We're not frightfully expert or orderly yet," a customer-waiter told *The Daily Mirror*, "so it is unwise to order soups in case you get a frock spilt; gravies even are rather a problem, with everyone dashing about with plates and tumblers. All the same, it saves 50 per cent. of our lunch hour, and so gives us time for a walk in the park."

There is a private restaurant run on the same "help yourself" lines in the City near Tower Bridge.

KNIGHTS' BANNERS.

Order of St. Michael and St. George at St. Paul's.

The annual service of the Order of St. Michael and St. George was held in the Chapel of the Order at St. Paul's yesterday.

All the reverent ceremonial was observed in connection with the removal of the banners of two departed Knights of the Grand Cross and the affixing of the banners of the Earl of Dudley and Baron Kilsdonk.

There were present a number of distinguished people, and the chivalric traditions of the Honourable Order were incorporated into the special service, which was conducted by the Duke, Bishop Montgomery.

The brilliant uniforms of the members of the Order and the many-coloured banners in the chapel were in keeping with a service for the commemoration of members who had died. The Gentleman Usher of the Blue Rod read a list of the members of the Order who had died since the last service, and the names included Lord Kitchener, who was a Knight of the Grand Cross.

Lord Kitchener was mourned as "drowned at sea," as was his friend, who was drowned with him, Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzgerald.

CONTROL OF WHALE OIL.

Scheme Which Would Yield £1,000,000 a Year to the State.

The all important question of the manufacture and the procuring of fat is being considered by an influential group of Englishmen.

Mr. Alfred Bigland, M.P., has submitted to the Empire Resources Development Committee a "Memorandum on the Whaling Industry in Southern Waters," suggesting that by the State control of this industry there might be secured an output of valuable fat that would on a reasonable estimate, after allowing generous treatment to those already engaged in the business, yield revenue at the rate of £1,000,000 a year.

The Antarctic whaling industry is conducted under licence from the British Government, and since the commencement of war the annual licences have been endorsed to the effect that whale oil products must be brought to the United Kingdom.

There are engaged in the industry at present fourteen Norwegian and two British companies. In 1915 the output was a little over 600,000 barrels, weighing about 100,000 tons.

PUBLISHER SUED BY WOMAN WRITER.

£250 Damages Awarded for Libel and Slander.

"MY OWN PAST."

A jury in the King's Bench Division yesterday awarded Mrs. Maud Mary Chester Froukes £250 damages against Mr. Eveleigh Nash, publisher, for libel and slander.

The action arose out of letters that Mr. Nash wrote to Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, managing director of Messrs. Cassells, with reference to "My Own Past," a book written by the plaintiff.

Opening the case, Mr. Tindal Atkinson, K.C., said that Mrs. Froukes became a partner in Mr. Nash's business until it was turned into a company. She was part author during this period of a series of books dealing with the reminiscences of famous people. These included—"My Recollections." The reminiscences of the Countess of Cardigan, widow of the Earl of Cardigan, who was associated with the Balaclava Charge.

"DICTATED" MEMOIRS.

"My Own Story." The biography of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony.

"Things That I Can Tell." The reminiscences of Lord Salisbury.

"My Past." The story of the Countess Maria Larisch, favourite niece of the Empress of Austria. This included the circumstances that led to the death of the Archduke Rudolph. These were followed by "My Own Past," which was published by Messrs. Cassells after Mrs. Froukes's death.



Mrs. Froukes.

Mr. Nash.

the partnership between Mr. Nash and Mrs. Froukes had ceased.

Then it was that Mr. Nash wrote to Mr. Spurgeon the letters of which complaint is made.

These were read by counsel as follows:—"My Dear Spurgeon,—I have been informed that Mrs. Froukes has circulated the grossest and most mendacious slanders regarding me, and I am told that in her book she claims to be the author of several volumes of memoirs which I have published.

"The fact is that Mrs. Froukes took down from dictation the material which the authors desired to include in their memoirs, but I would not permit her to claim their authorship.

"I could not tolerate without protest the publication of a story which contained information about my business methods.

October 9, 1915.

"I object to Mrs. Froukes making public a claim that she is the author or part author of Lord Rossmore's autobiography."

"It is an almost indescribable breach of faith on her part, and if people who have received fees for helping well-known people to write their memoirs are going to give them away in this public fashion I do not know what things are coming to."

In another letter Mr. Nash said to Mr. Spurgeon:—

"I did not imagine that you would like my letter, and I did not mean you to like it. I meant to convey in the plainest language that I considered you were associating yourself with a monstrous and intolerable action in arranging to publish a book which gives information about my private business affairs.

"It is such an atrociously cashish thing to do that one wonders how you can stoop to such an action."

"A LITERARY GHOST."

In cross-examination Mrs. Froukes said Lord Rossmore dedicated his work "Things I Can Tell" to her, acknowledging that she had rendered him "invaluable assistance." She also claimed part authorship of the book "My Past," by the Countess Maria Larisch.

The Countess dedicated the book to her and acknowledged that she had assisted her to prepare the book for publication.

Mr. Hume Williams, for the defence, said that Mrs. Froukes was a lady who had a talent for editing the work of other people, and was what was known to ordinary persons as "a literary ghost."

Mr. Nash, giving evidence, said "My Own Past" had done him considerable harm in his business. The letter was written in self-defence. Cross-examined, the witness admitted that he knew anything about an empty jewel case being sent at Christmas to Mrs. Froukes as an insult. Mrs. Froukes had sent him an iron cross.

The Judge: What had you done to deserve the iron cross?—As if you were giving you had sunk a hospital ship. (Laughter.)

BREWING NOT TO BE STOPPED.

Captain Bathurst stated in the House of Commons yesterday that the conclusion of the Government was that the stoppage of brewing was neither necessary nor practicable.

NEW BRITISH "PUSH" BEGINS ON A WIDE FRONT

Satisfactory Progress in Battle on Both Sides of River Scarpe.

PRISONERS TAKEN RUN INTO FOUR FIGURES.

Greater Part of Havrincourt Wood in Our Possession—Terrific Bombardment and Attack at Dawn.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday.

11.50 A.M.—We attacked at dawn this morning on a wide front on both banks of the River Scarpe.

Fighting is proceeding, and our troops are making satisfactory progress.

South of the Bapaume-Cambrai road we captured the remainder of the village of Trescault during the night, and have gained possession of the greater part of Havrincourt Wood.

[The British push is on a front of about forty-five miles.]

ATTACKS BETWEEN LENS AND ST. QUENTIN.

Our "Whirlwind" Bombardment the Heaviest Shelling Yet.

"THINGS ARE GOING WELL."

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Monday.—Following upon the comparative lull of the past week, the British delivered an attack at dawn this morning. More strictly the operation should be described as a series of co-ordinating attacks at various points along the front between St. Quentin and Lens.

The preliminary "whirlwind" bombardment was the heaviest I have yet experienced upon this front.

Our supplies of ammunition these days may be gathered from the fact that during the bombardment of April 9 it was found necessary to hold up two trains which were bringing shells up to the front as the supplies control officer reported that the stuff was coming through faster than the batteries required it.

AIRMEN'S PART.

When the deafening fire-curtain began slowly to creep forward the infantry soared from the ground with the precision of a cinema picture. The stars were paling in the grey of the coming morning when the first wave marched across with bayoneted rifles at the trail.

In a general way I hear that things are going well, and that prisoners brought into the cages already run into four figures.

The day is fine and clear, and the airmen are taking a great hand in the combat.

Our machines are successfully endeavouring to limit the enemy's powers of observation. In the fulfilment of this mission they yesterday brought down six great kite balloons.—Reuter's Special.

FRENCH DISPERSE MANY HUN COUNTER-ATTACKS.

Artillery Beats Down German Preparations East of Craonne.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

During the night there was great activity on the part of the opposing artilleries south of St. Quentin and between Soissons and Rheims.

East of Craonne a very violent bombardment, which was preceding preparations for an attack, was effectively beaten down by our batteries. The enemy attack did not take place.

In Champagne a strong German attack directed yesterday at six o'clock in the evening against the salient north-east of the High Mount, was broken by our artillery and machine gun fire.

The enemy renewed his attempt during the night on the crests which we hold in the Moronvillers Massif. Here the struggle has been very keen at certain points, resulting everywhere to our advantage.

East of St. Mihiel and in the Woëvre we repulsed two raids carried out by strong enemy detachments, one in the Ailly Wood and the other on the Calonne trench.

In the Vosges an enemy attempt south of the Ste. Marie Pass had no success.—Reuter.

BRITISH AIRSHIP LOST IN DOVER STRAITS.

Craft Seen to Descend in Flames—Crew Feared Lost.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

One of his Majesty's airships which left on patrol from an East Coast air station on the morning of the 21st inst. has not returned.

Reports received state that an airship was seen to descend in flames in the Straits of Dover about noon of the same day.

An aeroplane or seaplane was seen in the vicinity shortly after the occurrence, and it is believed that the missing British airship has been destroyed by hostile aircraft.

The position given is a considerable distance from the area in which the airship should have been working, and it is probable that her engine power had failed, and that she had drifted a long distance with the wind.

Extensive search has been made where she fell, but no trace of the crew nor any portion of the ship can be found, and it must be assumed that all the crew are lost.

The relatives have been informed. [Sunday's German communiqué claimed that an enemy airship was brought down in flames by naval airmen off Neuport.]

"FIGHTING WITH BRITISH ON WIDE FRONT."

Berlin on Heavy Fighting in the Champagne.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty, per Wireless Press.) Prince Rupprecht's Front.—Between Loos and the Arras-Cambrai Railway the artillery battle continued yesterday.

To the north-west of Lens English thrusting troops penetrated into our first line trenches on a width of 550 yards. They were driven back.

The fire remained strong also during the night. Early this morning, after dark fire, the infantry fighting recommenced on a wide front. Crown Prince's Front.—During the morning the artillery activity increased only to the north-east of Soissons.

Along the Aisne and in the Champagne artillery duels recurred with increasing violence from the afternoon onwards. Hand-grenade engagements took place on the Chemin des Dames ridge.

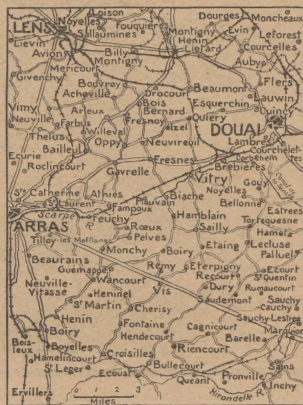
A strong French attack to the north-west of La Ville aux Bois broke down with heavy losses. Between Poses and the Sommes lowlands advances made by the enemy gave them no advantage.

On the Hochberg, to the south-west of Moronvillers, and as the result of a raid into the French position to the south of St. Marie-a-Py, we captured over fifty prisoners.

Our airmen set fire to four enemy captive balloons, and in aerial battles brought down eleven aeroplanes.

Cavalry Captain Baron von Richthofen was victor for the forty-sixth time, and Lieutenant Wolf secured his twentieth victory. The Chaser Squadron of Cavalry Captain Baron von Richthofen has so far brought down 100 enemy aeroplanes.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday (received yesterday).—From Honningvaag (Northern Norway) it is reported to the *Fidens Tegn* that German submarines had been seen inside Norwegian territorial waters.—Exchange.



The British offensive has been resumed on both banks of the River Scarpe, which flows through Arras.

MR. BALFOUR DINES WITH PRESIDENT WILSON.

No Force for France Till 1,000,000 Are Trained.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Mr. Balfour, who appeared in the best of health, acknowledged the cheers of 5,000 people at the station on his arrival yesterday afternoon by smiling, bowing and raising his hat.

Two troops of cavalry which had served as the President's guard of honour at the inaugural parade formed the escort of the party on the way to the official residences, one troop preceding and the other following the automobiles.

At Mr. Balfour's residence a cavalry guard of honour will be in constant attendance.

The weather is perfect, and the city is beautiful with the freshness of spring. Mr. Balfour, although somewhat fatigued by the journey, seemed delighted by the enthusiastic welcome given him.

President Wilson has made few engagements for the week, in order to be free to confer with the distinguished visitors.—Reuter.

New York, Monday.—Mr. Balfour is lunching to-day with the French Minister, and will dine at the White House this evening.—Wireless Press.

When 1,000,000 Are Trained.—The Secretary of State for War (Mr. Keir) announced that no forces will be sent to Europe until the nation has more than 1,000,000 trained men.

HUN WARSHIPS OUT IN THE BALTIC.

Transports Leave Libau for an Unknown Destination.

PETROGRAD, Monday.—The Nord Sud Agency publishes a report from Riga stating that several big German vessels with troops on board have left Libau for an unknown destination.—Central News.

COPENHAGEN, Monday.—An official telegram from Petrograd says that, according to statements from Riga, a squadron of German warships, consisting of a large number of cruisers and battleships, has left Libau.

Nothing is known as to the object of the squadron, but it is supposed that the Germans will make an attempt to land troops on the coast behind the Russian lines in the Baltic Province. It is also stated from Petrograd that a German squadron has left Kiel for the Baltic.—Exchange.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Eastern Front.—The Russian artillery frequently directed a lively fire against our lines, which was energetically replied to. For the dropping of bombs by Russian airmen near Lida we retaliated by an aerial attack on Molodno and Turuk (north-west and south-west of Minsk respectively).—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

BULLETS OF GLASS.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—In the region of the River Aa the Germans fired on our positions with bullets of glass.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

TURKEY FOLLOWS SUIT.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—The American Minister at Bern, Mr. Slovák, announces to the State Department that Turkey has broken off relations with the United States.—Exchange.

TURKS FLEEING FROM GENERAL MAUDE.

Our Troops in Pursuit—Foe Position Attacked.

MORE PRISONERS TAKEN.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

During the night of the 21st-22nd instant the enemy evacuated the remainder of the Istabulat position, portions of which we had stormed and consolidated during the previous day.

At daybreak on the 22nd our troops pressed on in pursuit, capturing some prisoners and one 5.9 in. howitzer.

The enemy were found occupying another position on the right bank of the Tigris, about six miles further towards Samarra, and at 7 p.m. on the 22nd, when General Maude's telegram was dispatched, this position was being attacked.

As the result of an air fight on the 22nd a new Halberstadt was brought down, the pilot, who was the enemy's Flying Corps commander, being killed and the machine falling into our hands.

ARABS ATTACK RUSSIANS.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Caucasian Front.—In Persia the hostile activity towards our military on the part of the Kurds has increased.

On April 15, at Charabab—twenty-five versts (about sixteen miles) south-east of Kyzyl Barat—the Arabs fell upon our squadron escorting an English military agent. The squadron succeeded in forcing a passage as far as Bakube.

On the rest of the front there have been rifle firing.

In the region of Lake Mladeloi our artillery brought down a German aeroplane, which fell within the enemy's lines. The enemy's aeroplanes threw bombs on the hamlet of Turetz.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

GERMAN PRESS AND THE CRY OF "NO ANNEXATION."

Von Hollweg Told That He Must Make an Early Statement.

THE HAGUE, Monday.—The German Press today demands that the Chancellor shall make a statement in the Reichstag as soon as possible defining the Government's position regarding the latest Socialist "no annexation" manifesto.

It is probable that Hollweg will not make a statement on the question before next week owing to the uncertainty of the military position.

The Conservative organs openly threaten the Government with revolt if it follows the Socialist plea for no annexation.

The Liberal Press seems to agree fully with every Socialist demand, both in inner and in

WHEN RUSSIA STRIKES.

In telegrams of congratulations appear the following phrases, says a Reuter special message:—

General Alexieff to Sir Douglas Haig: I beg to assure you that we await the moment when we can take our share in these successes.

Sir D. Haig's reply: We wish you all the best of luck in your forthcoming efforts against our common enemy.

foreign questions. Both parties agree on the point that it is time for the Chancellor to speak.—Exchange.

German Strikes.—ZURICH, Monday.—It is learned here that the strikes in Germany continue to extend, and the building trade is now involved.—Central News.

According to a Cologne message, a secret census has been taken of all the leaders of the Berlin strike with the view of sending them all to the front line trenches.—Exchange.

Paris, Monday.—The Zurich correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* says: The military authority has posted in the munitions factories of Moabit and Spandau a proclamation notifying the workers that the factories have been brought under military law, and that it is forbidden to "down tools" or refuse to work on pain of punishment under the military code.

The Zurich correspondent of the *Matin* says: I learn that fresh demonstrations took place on Friday and Saturday last at Berlin, and more particularly in the arms and munitions factories in the Moabit quarter.

FOR THE SHOP GIRL



VEN-YUSA Remedies Jaded Looks

STUFFY workrooms and crowded shops ruin many a complexion. Happily, the chemist's science has given to us a ready means for correcting this common evil. It is nothing less than a new toilet aid with which to refresh the skin in a way resembling a real oxygen bath. It is not a soap, but a new kind of cream.

Ven-Yusa is the name of this unique preparation. Owing to its rare oxygen properties, Ven-Yusa revives the skin, drives away pallor from the cheeks, and clears the complexion in a strangely wonderful fashion.

Always have a jar of Ven-Yusa at hand and you will realise how easy it is, with the aid of this non-greasy oxygen face cream, to preserve an attractive appearance.



1/- per Jar at all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., or by post at same price, from the Proprietors, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds

HOWITZER CAPTURED FROM THE HUNS.



R.H.A. men having their dinner in a German gun-pit beside a captured 5.9 howitzer, which they used against the Boche. (Official photograph)

WAR WORKER MARRIED.



Miss Madge Molladew, of Liverpool, who has just been married to Major G. Gerard Shiel. She was a champion punter on the Thames, and is now a motor-driver in the A.S.C.

THEATRICAL NEWS.



Miss Marie Hemingway.



Miss Laura Cowie.

Miss Marie Hemingway will be Vivian in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," at the Queen's Theatre. Miss Laura Cowie is going into revue.

A FEARLESS MASCOT.



Bob, the mascot of the Manchester-square fire brigade. He is absolutely fearless, and follows the men, no matter how great the danger.

AIRMAN AMONG THE MISSING MEN.



Rlm. W. M. Spence (London Reg.). Write to 22, Joseph-street, Bur. e t-road, Bow, London, E.



Pte. W. B. Pickford (H.L.I.). Write to Mrs. Pickford, Sutton-street, E. 1, near Weedon, Leicestershire.



Rlm. B. Buzs (London Reg.). Write to Mrs. Buzs, 4, Alexandra-street, Camberley, Surrey.



Rlm. E. Turner (London Reg.). Write to Miss Smither, 47, Kensington-road, North End, Portsmouth.



Sub-Flight-Leut. W. Hewitt (R.N.A.S., attached R.F.C.). Write to 51, Drayton-gardens, London, S.W.



Pte. A. Summersfield (Yorks Reg.). Write to 37, Summerfield, Woodman-road, Anstey, Leicestershire.



Sgt. William Stubblings (Suffolks). Write to Mrs. Stubblings, Frog End, Great Wilbraham, Cambs.



H. D. Stow (R.N.D.). Write to Mrs. J. Stow, at 14, Chalfont-road, Hackney, London, N.E.



Let Sanatogen Increase your Vitality

Scientific experiments published in the *Lancet*, definitely prove "the increased vitality in the nervous system after feeding with Sanatogen." And Colonel Watterston testifies to this as follows: "I do not believe I could have recovered my vitality without Sanatogen." Since lowered vitality is the cause of most impairment of health—especially at this time of the year, and under the strain of war—you cannot do better than re-vitalise your nerves by a course of Sanatogen.

But ask for genuine Sanatogen

"Sanatogen" writes a distinguished London physician, "is a sound scientific preparation, certain in ultimate result and free from any risk of danger or disappointment."

It is made at Penzance by a unique synthetic process (used only by ourselves), on which the whole efficacy of the preparation depends. So be sure you get genuine Sanatogen, which bears our name and address on the label.

Buy a tin at your chemist's to-day—from 1/9 to 9/6. It costs only a few pence a day, and will amply repay you by a permanent increase in health and vitality.

GENATOSAN, LTD.

(British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Co.)
12, CHENIES STREET, LONDON, W.C. 1.
Chairman: Lady Mackworth.

Sanatogen will later on be renamed "Genatosan"—genuine Sanatogen—to distinguish it from inferior substitutes.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1917.

ONCE MORE—THE REPRISAL ARGUMENT.

WE shall hear a good deal more of the old argument about "reprisals," as the Germans under Hindenburg continue their convulsive attempts to terrorise a world they cannot conquer and utterly fail to understand.

Their atrocities have always had and will always have only one effect upon that world—to nerve it to fight on and to insist upon harder terms of final reparation.

Beyond that, it is doubtful whether any retaliation in kind will do anything to stop the Hindenburg brand of brutality.

Roughly we may claim that the only form of retaliation in the least likely to stop the typical Teutonic savagery would be to drive the Hun out of France and Belgium. While he can bite and kick he will do both.

We have always to bear his psychology and way of thinking in mind before proceeding to consider how to treat him. The treatment that might affect us, would not in the least affect him. He doesn't care how he treats his own men—his own wounded, for example. Will he care how we treat them? Before taking Strasbourg in the war of 1870 he largely destroyed it, and then claimed it and secured it by treaty. It is now his. Will he care how we treat it, or treat any other place of like beauty and importance? It remains to be proved whether the Hun cares for any of these things, so long as his biting and scratching mood continues.

And the whole question of reprisals really resides there—do they stop the Hun from his natural deeds? Are they effective? Or are they of military use to us?

If so, use them. If not, why use them? We don't want to resemble Huns in their delight over needless damage.

An instance. Gas was obviously a thing we had to use. It was intolerable to hear our sainted wisacres here at home wailing that gas was naughty while our men were suffocating with it in France. Our men must have every conceivable weapon "of military importance" in their hands. Weapons of no military importance are no use to them.

Gas then was a "reprisal" needed. Our own military authorities must decide what others are on the same footing. A "reprisal" is no use to us unless it demonstrably affects the military situation. If it does not do that it works against us, not for us.

And remember that the French must be considered and consulted first. With the wild-beast fangs in her flesh, France has the predominant right to decide what forms of retaliation or defence are suited to the work of freeing herself from the defilement of these thoroughly scientific savages from beyond the Rhine. It is indeed "cool" for people to sit in safety here at home, remarking upon the naughtiness of this or that, while tortured France sees her fields blackened by the Hindenburg retreat. The question of reprisals is largely an affair for the French. We cannot believe that they will misunderstand or misuse their rights in the matter or lose their tact in the judgment of what really affects the foe in a sense favourable to us.

W. M.

SPRING AND LOVE.

When passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last
Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep!

It were enough to feel, to see
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest—end burn and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear:
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea, but thou, which move,
And form all others, life and love.

—SHELLEY.

WHEN ENGLISH WOMEN GIVE UP "TEA."

A PROBABLE EFFECT UPON DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

By FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

IF women had votes during this war should we have had the abolition of afternoon tea—I mean, of the edible portion of that great institution? For, remember, it is chiefly women who support tea.

It is the woman's meal. Men think of dinner and of "not spoiling the appetite for dinner." What do women care about that? Let dinner go! Give us tea. It is too late. Tea has gone—more or less; or will go, as women have no votes.

I hear your male readers pointing out that

breakfast. It is an insult at tea-time. . . . There! Tea is dead. I have given it up. . . . And it now remains to ask what effect will the giving-up of cakes and tea have upon the feminine temperament? Or upon the health of women? Or upon domestic life as a whole?

To begin with domestic and married life. I suppose that here we may look forward to a closer love and union between husbands and wives. Because, no doubt, one of the principal causes of disunion was, in old days, dinner.

THEY MEET OVER DINNER.

Yes, dinner. Husbands wanted dinner, fussed over dinner, cared most about dinner. Wives didn't care. Result—careless dinners provided for husbands by wives well-satisfied with tea. "My dear, I wish you would give

FOOD PATRIOTS' LEAGUE.

COMBINE TO SECURE THE GREATEST ECONOMY WITHOUT DELAY.

OUTSIDE LONDON.

ARE inns in the country subject to food rations? At one quite near London on Sunday I saw a vast spread of meat and bread on the sideboard with several men-out for their Sunday walk—"tucking in" as hard as they could.

These would not be able to wear your suggested food badges! A. W. W. Buckingham Gate.

EDGES.

YOUR idea of a League for Food Patriots might well help to popularise the food question. We must do more than wear badges, however. We must act and not only profess our opinions. The badge idea is an excellent one for the purpose of advertising the food economy campaign. B. D.

WAR BREAD AT THE RICH WOMAN'S TABLE.



FRENCH AND BRITISH. IT is perhaps instructive, but it is certainly amusing, to compare the French and English newspaper attitude towards the war.

Roughly speaking, the difference is that however unsuitable the occasion, our journalists insist on forcing into relief some "ethical" "clap-trap", whereas the French insist on the "strategic position."

Thus, suppose Lieutenant Toughnut with Private Biceps and Corporal Stickit are facing 500 Fritzboches, we shall have a grand discussion of the morale of the men. That seems to be the English method.

On the other hand, suppose the capitaine Carpentier meets Herr Lieutenant Otto von Flintboche in a narrow street, we shall read much about the strategic position in which these two found themselves.

H. MORGAN-BROWNE, Ashburnham-road, Clive Vale, Hastings.

RICH AND POOR.

THE West End people may drink tea all the afternoon for all I know or care, but I do know that among the poor and middle classes afternoon tea is the exception rather than the rule.

The poor have neither time nor money for an extra meal, while the middle class have a fixed dinner hour about one o'clock and eat or drink nothing else until their regular bedtime, about five or six o'clock. TEA.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 23.—The autumn giant cauliflower is quite easy to grow, and the fine heads they produce from September onwards are very welcome.

Sow a few rows at once in a bed of light good soil, and give protection from the birds. When the plants are large enough to handle they must be pricked out a few inches apart.

The valuable white broccolis, for spring use, should be sown during the next ten days. Raise the plants in the manner recommended above.

E. F. T.

one can still get useful sorts of cake or biscuits for tea—barley or maize flour substitutes, oatmeal crude nutriment, Scottish fodder of a heavy type.

As if that were the same thing!

As if a maize cake or a barley bun were the same thing as an éclair, a cream puff, a moka and a mille-feuille. No; we will give up our delights, since you men insist upon it. But we will not pretend that the things you suggest will answer as well. The "grapes are sour" is a horrid argument. Let us make our sacrifice. Let us enjoy giving up. Let us make the most of it. Let us feel patriotic about it.

But, as a sense of our merit comes upon us, and as we plume ourselves in our pride, do not please come and tell us that a lump of oatmeal is quite as nice as a puff of paste. Keep your oatmeal. We like porridge for

up eating all those cakes and sweet things at tea-time. Then you would have a better appetite for dinner." Now she has to give them up. She has a better appetite for dinner. Consequently she cares about dinner and takes more trouble over it. The husband is pleased. Nothing makes for friendship like eating together. No longer does she toy with her plate and reject her meat ration. She eats with him. That makes for domestic union.

And I suppose, too, that the giving up of all those sweet things is good for her health and her digestion. We are often told that éclairs and the rest are hopeless for health, though, I confess, I've never noted any evil results from them. Except, perhaps, that they tended to make one fat? Well, now one will become cadaverous. . . .

And, finally, as to the feminine tempera-

ment and feminine morals. There's a limit as to this in Mr. Haselden's recent cartoon. Tea was a great flirting function—an excuse for meeting "Reggie," an opportunity for philandering. No more of that! Dinner will not do. It is not, ostensibly, so innocent! More preparations have to be made. It is not a flapper's meal.

I conclude—the flapper will now have to take to some other war work than flirtation; till tea returns after the war.

That is, if, in the coming Spartan days, tea ever does return.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and whatsoever outward things I have, may be at peace with those within.—Prayer of Socrates.

FRANCE PAYS TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN AIRMAN.

A WELCOME FO



A French officer, representing the Minister for War, delivering an oration at the graveside of Genet. Full military honours were rendered.

TRYING TO PROTECT HIS RETREAT BY INUNDATIONS.



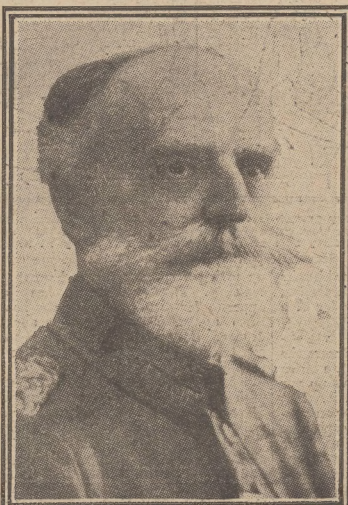
French cavalry riding along a road in country flooded by the Germans. (From L'Illustration.)

BLIND HERO IN BUSINESS.



Mr. William Pettit (late King's Royal Rifles), who was blinded in the retreat from Mons, has opened business for himself, and is here seen in his workshop at Harrow. He was for some time at St. Dunstan's Hostel.

NEW BULLY FOR BELGIUM.



Colonel Falkenhausen, who, it was announced yesterday, will succeed the late Baron von Bissing as Governor of Belgium.

P.19404 A. P.19404 A. IN THE WAR NEWS.

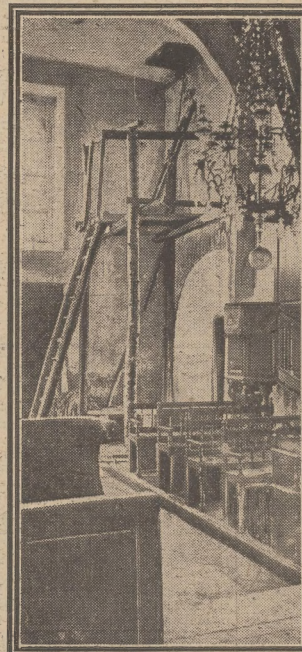


Lieut. A. W. Duncan, an Irish Canadian, who has been awarded the Military Cross.



2nd Lieut. R. C. H. Kingston (R.F.A.), an Old Carthagenian, killed in action.

LEFT BY THE GERMANS.



Ladder and scaffolding used by the Germans to reach the church roof for observation purposes. (French War Office.)

SERIOUS ILLNESS OF



As Cleopatra.

Two hitherto-unpublished photographs of the condition are contradictory. One doctor but a message which was received in L. covery. (E)

PRESIDENT DOG HELPS TO ESCORT FRITZ TO CAPTIVITY.



Officers decorated the pedestal destroyed by the Germans. (All around are buildings destroyed.)

PAUL BERNHARDT.



Pauline Bernard. actress. Reports as to her relieved her case to be hopeless, she holds out hopes for her recovery.



German prisoners being escorted by a Canadian sergeant and his dog. Fritz is much interested in the little animal.—(Canadian War Records.)

PEOPLE OF INTEREST.

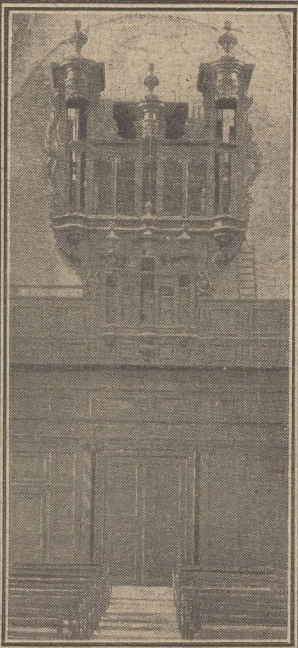


Miss Marjorie Cherry to marry Commander H. V. Coates, R.N.—(Bassano)



M. Norton de Matos, Portuguese War Minister. Her soldiers are in France.

HARD UP FOR METAL.



The organ of a church in Northern France from which the Germans removed the pipe.—(French War Office.)



Prisoners who are to be inoculated.—(Canadian War Records.)

The lower photograph shows the Germans passing through a village behind the Canadian lines. There are several Red Cross men among them.

FOUGHT TO THE VERY LAST.



Second-Lieutenant S. R. Carter, who worked his machine gun until killed. He was attacked by several enemy machines.

SHELL SHOCKS FOR FRITZ.



Patients at a South Coast camp, who are recovering from shell shock, are making shell baskets, and in this way hope to return the shock to the Boche with interest. Dummy shells are used when fitting the baskets.

YOU SHOULD BEGIN READING THIS SPLENDID STORY TO-DAY IN A GILDED CAGE

By MARK ALLERTON

CHAPTER I.

FRANK BETTISON returns to England to claim Peggy Lorraine, the girl he loves. When he went away she was a little girl, but the memory of her sweetness and a great resolve—spurs Frank on to make great efforts. He is away for ten years, and during that time nothing has been heard of him. But Frank, who is a great, simple-hearted, single-minded man, comes back feeling confident that Peggy will be waiting for him.

Directly he arrives Frank communicates with his old friend, Clive Harlowe.

Clive, who is a man of the world, comes at once, and Frank tells him why he has come back.

"I have come to find paradise," he says. "Then there's a girl in the question!" inquires Clive.

Frank tells him that the thought of Peggy has kept him straight all the time. She has been his inspiration, and now he has come to claim her.

"Peggy," repeats Harlowe. "What is her other name?"

"Lorraine," says Frank. "Peggy Lorraine; the dearest and best little girl that was ever born. Do you know her, Clive?"

Harlowe hesitates. "Yes," he admits, "I know her!" "Tell me everything you can," cries Frank enthusiastically.

But Clive says that he knows very little. He conceals the fact that he has been straight to Peggy, although for a long time he has been pressing a hopeless suit. Then he decides to make a last desperate effort to snatch Peggy from his rival.

He leaves abruptly and goes straight to Peggy. Frank Bettison says nothing.

Peggy is depressed. She cannot make up her mind what to do. She likes Clive as a friend, but Frank is still enthroned in her heart.

Harlowe is persistent. "You must make up your mind," he says. "If you will give me your promise I shall be content to wait; but I can't bear this uncertainty."

Peggy promises to write to him at once. Peggy is living with her aunt, Miss Roland, who urges her to accept Clive.

"Love is all that matters," says Aunt Gwen. The girl fully realises this, but does not feel that she loves Clive well enough to marry him.

She thinks of the future. She has never been able to understand how her aunt managed to live. There was always enough money, but Miss Roland never told her where it came from.

Peggy writes to Clive. She tells him that she will marry him, and that she will try to be very good to him.

She goes out to post the letter.

On her return the maid tells her that a gentleman has called to see her. He has not given a name—his visit was to be a surprise.

Full of forebodings, Peggy goes towards the drawing-room. Before she reaches it, the door is thrown open—Frank Bettison is standing before her.

OUT OF THE PAST.

PEGGY went into the drawing room, walking as in a dream. Frank had come back! Frank had come back!

Frank drew her into the room. His eager, boyish face was alight with enthusiasm; in his eyes there shone a quiet love which she could not mistake. It made her feel dazed. When she thought of the letter which she had posted she could have cried out with pain—a dull aching. "Too late, too late," her heart was beating the knell of her hopes; and all this time she could not say a word. Her lips were trembling; she thought that Frank must see her distress, and that he would guess that something had happened.

But Frank's happiness was so great that he was blind to everything.

"Peggy! Peggy! It's really you," he cried joyously. "I'd have known you anywhere."

He released her hand, and stretched out his arms towards her, his eyes were shining. But with almost a shudder she drew back.

"Frank! Oh, dear—"

As though to ward off something she feared she reached out her hands, and he seized them eagerly.

"It's wonderful to see you again—just wonderful," he was saying. "I feared you would be different, Peggy. But you're not. You're just the same." He gave a deep, low laugh of innate content. "And how is Miss Roland?"

"Aunt Gwen is very well. She has gone out to dinner. She won't be very long, I expect."

Peggy felt as though she were talking about the calendar at her own execution.

"That's good," I ought to have let you know I was coming along, I meant to. But I arrived only to-day. And I simply couldn't wait to let you know. Come and let me look at you, Peggy."

He drew her to the light. She feared his scrutiny. But Frank Bettison was too absorbed in his own joy to see the frantic look in the girl's eyes.

"You've grown more like your father than ever, bless his heart!" he went on. "Twist me were here now. It would have been great to have come back to you both. How I've thought of those old days, Peggy! Do you remember the

mulberry-tree in the old Chelsea garden? I can taste those mulberries yet. There will never be mulberries like them. Now, tell me about yourself."

"There's nothing to tell, Frank."

"Nonsense! There's a lot I want to know. But you've grown up," he put in, with the surprise of a sudden discovery. "You're—you're wonderful, Peggy! But I suppose heaps and heaps of people have told you that. Confound them!" he added, with a laugh.

She made no comment. She was scarcely listening to him. She was seeking a way out—a way of escape from the torture of her dilemma.

He was watching her, the kindest of wrinkles round his blue eyes; he wanted that come to a man who is accustomed to gaze over vast distances. But now his expression was grave.

A lot happened in the old days, Peggy. He had great talks with her, hadn't we? Do you remember any of them? Do you remember one in particular, Peggy?" he asked earnestly. "Tell me you haven't forgotten, eh, Peggy?" and his voice had sunk to an eager whisper.

She hums her head. He took her silence for shyness. He drew her into his arms, his great arms, that held her in a giant's embrace. Her frame stiffened rigid.

Suddenly his grip tightened. He felt as though a sharp blade of steel had pierced his heart. He fought madly for self-control.

"But, there, of course, you haven't forgotten." Still no reply from those bloodless lips. The girl's hair brushed his forehead. He bowed over her as one inclines in reverence to a sacred emblem.

Then, "Tell me," he said quickly. "I want to know."

DASHED HOPES.

SHE raised her eyes. And now the piteous appeal in them sent its message. He drew in a deep, quivering breath. At that moment all that he had clung to slipped from him.

"Did you forget, Peggy?" he asked her very quietly. "Did you forget, little girl?"

The tenderness of his voice, the very attitude of solicitude were worse than a thousand reproaches. She looked at him in horror. She had a mad desire to punish herself, to say the very worst of herself that could be said.

"Yes," she cried hoarsely. "I forgot."

He held her from him, staring at her with dumb incredulity. Something had happened which had been unthinkable, something which seemed to draw from him all the vigour of his manhood. He had cried that it was good to be back, good to leave the wilderness and come in search of paradise. And now he knew that he wished that he had never left the wilderness, that he had stayed there with his illusions and dreams, keeping them bright within his memory.

Suddenly his arms fell to his side.

"You mean," he said, in a voice that was strangely soft and quiet, "that I have come back—too late?"

To Peggy there seemed to fall upon her a great, white light in which the wickedness of what she had done was exposed. She had had her sense of wrongdoing. Now it was as the conviction of sin. Loving this man who was before her, knowing now that she had always loved him, that her thoughts of him had been the sweetest and purest of all—knowing all this she had promised herself to another!

She flung back her head with a tragically pathetic gesture.

"Why did you stay away so long?" she cried. "Why did you not come back to me long ago?"

His lips moved. "I thought I was making good," he said huskily.

In a flash there came to him a realisation of folly. She was right. She was more than right. Why had he ever gone away at all? Surely he might have found a niche in the old world from which he might have kept watch and ward over the girl he loved?

"Making good! Do you mean making money?"

Is that what you thought of? He was too honest to deny it. By the sweat of his brow and the activities of his brain he had sought strenuously to make money. He had fought for it, physically and mentally. But what he could not tell her was that the ultimate goal was herself. All this time he had been fighting for her. And now his fight had been in vain.

"Why did you come back?" she panted.

"Because I could stay away no longer," he replied dully. "Heaven knows I've stayed away too long. But there came a day when all that was in me cried to get back. And I couldn't wait any longer."

"You couldn't wait! Yet you waited ten years!" she murmured.

"You've counted them then?" he asked sharply.

She did not reply.

He made to touch her again, but drew back his hand, which trembled.

"I believe you do care for me a bit, even yet, Peggy," he burst out.

Tears sprang into her eyes. His words lacerated her.

"You've no right to say that," she said tensely. "None at all. Why should I care for you? Tell me why?"

Her self-control was ebbing away. Out of the void this man had come back into her life, claiming her—claiming her when it was too late.

She spoke passionately, but all her anger was against herself. She had let him see that she cared for him. Of course she cared for him! And that long silence would have been forgotten and forgiven had he come back only a few minutes sooner. It was as though she had missed eternity by a fraction of time.

He turned away. There were a hundred things he wanted to say—passionate, appealing, emotional things. He could say none of them.

"I don't suppose there is any reason why you should," he mumbled. "I've been a fool—oh, such a fool!"

They were silent, avoiding each other's eyes. A meeting that he had dreamt of as ecstasy had become sheer embarrassment. He was nothing to her now—nothing to the girl who had filled his dreams.

With a mighty effort Frank Bettison roused himself.

"I am distressing you," he said dully. "I'd better go. I'll come back, of course, and see you, and—Miss Roland."

"But, of course, we're still going to be friends, aren't we?" asked Peggy, wistfully.

"Yes—yes," he replied, but there was no enthusiasm in his tone. "Only—I suppose—I'll be going back soon."

"Going back? Where to? You've never told me where you've been."

"I've come from Vera Cruz. But I've been all over the place."

"Is that a very long way away? My geography is deplorable," she smiled faintly.

"It's in Mexico. But every place," he burst out, suddenly, "every place is a long way away if you are not there!"

"Don't, Frank!" she entreated him. "Yet," she added, "you were content to stay there all that time."

"Content?" he cried, harshly. "Yes, I suppose I was content. I had to work hard. I had to make good. But it was a rough life. I hadn't any friends. But I liked it. Oh, yes, I liked it."

He was seized by the desire to torture himself, to persuade himself that these solitary years were of his own selection, that he had chosen them because he liked them.

The girl misunderstood him. She thought he was praising these years at her expense, that he was trying to convey to her that he had done very well, and without her, and that in the years to come he would continue to do very well without her.

"Since you enjoyed it all so much," she said, bitterly, "I am not surprised that you forgot all your friends over here."

"Forgot them! It was the thought of—of these very friends that made that time tolerable. Well, it's over—for the present, anyhow. I may go back to it all. I don't know. Perhaps I may find something bigger to do, something that will help me to—to forget."



Peggy Lorraine.

"Frank!" She was facing him now with wild eyes. "Are you trying to torture me, Frank?"

"Peggy!"

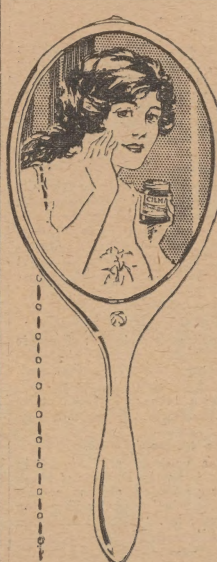
"Well, then, why do you say such things?" she demanded. "Has it not been easy for you to forget? You've enjoyed yourself all these years in—whatever the place is called. Why do you pretend that it is such a catastrophe for you to go back?"

He did not reply, amazed at her vehemence. She was immediately contrite.

"There!" she cried. "I didn't mean that. We mustn't quarrel. It would be awful if you and I were to quarrel. I'm so glad that you've come back, and that we're going to be friends, and there'll be such heaps to talk about. Do wait until Aunt Gwen comes back and give her the surprise you gave me." She knew that she was talking sheer banality now, but she could not help it. Banality was to be preferred to tragedy.

He shook his head. "Not to-night. I don't seem to be myself to-night. The things I say seem to go all wrong—somehow. I think I'll go now."

He hesitated for the fraction of a second; (Continued on page 11.)



Before going out—

Spring weather and hard water will not affect your hands or complexion if you use Icilma Cream before going out and after washing.

Icilma Cream keeps the hands and skin soft and smooth. It is the only toilet cream containing Icilma Natural Water, which stimulates and refreshes the skin and restores it to its natural softness and beauty.

Icilma is the All-British, non-greasy toilet cream and costs only 1/- a pot.

Use it daily and look your best.

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Price as usual, 1/- everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma, ICILMA CO., LTD., 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W. 1.



The Earl of Dudley, who has just returned to town from the country.



The Countess of Lismore, who has left town for Grosvenor.

LEAGUE OF FOOD PATRIOTS

Man-Power and the Lords—The Premier at the Savoy Conference.

IT SEEMS that the enthusiasm behind the League of Food Patriots project is growing in volume. The idea is to initiate a national pledge to obey all restrictions imposed by the Food Controller. Those who sign the pledge will wear a button.

The Force of the Badge.

PERSONALLY I am inclined to agree with a friend of mine who thinks that the strength of the project lies in the badge. "No one would think of asking a badged man to exceed his food allowance," he said, "any more than we should offer a whisky and soda to a member of the Blue Ribbon Army."

Man-Power.

I HEAR there is some expectation that an important statement will be made in the House of Lords this evening on man-power. The subject will be introduced by the Earl of Meath, who will ask the Government what steps they are taking to procure for the Army the 500,000 men who will be needed by July next.

Peers and the "Nation."

WE HAVE not heard the last of the protests against the action of the Government regarding the prohibition of the sale of the *Nation* abroad. To-night the subject will be raised in the House of Lords by Earl Russell, who will ask the Government to take immediate steps to have the order rescinded.

St. George's Day.

WITH THE BELLS of St. Paul's ringing out a merry jangle and the sun shining gloriously London was a glad scene yesterday morning. I looked in at the St. George's Day service at our great national church at noon. It was strangely beautiful and picturesque, and drew a vast congregation.

St. Michael and St. George.

THE SERVICE took place in the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George. A feature was the ceremony attending the removal of the banners of the late Sir Charles Tupper and the Earl of Jersey and the affixing of those of the new knights, Lord Dudley and Lord Robson. A good many members of the Order were present.

Costly Roses.

I SAW FEW WOMEN wearing roses yesterday, although it was St. George's Day. A Covent Garden friend told me that roses are very scarce, owing to the cold weather. Red roses were from 2s. to 4s. the dozen wholesale yesterday, while selected blooms realised a shilling each.

An Interesting Dorset Engagement.

AN ENGAGEMENT of note is announced in Dorsetshire. The Hon. Geraldine Digby, second daughter of Lord and Lady Digby, is to marry Mr. Michael Malcolm, elder son of Sir James Malcolm. Lord Digby served in the Suakin Expedition and has beautiful residences in Dorset and Ireland.

The Sixtieth Peer's Heir Killed.

BY THE DEATH in action of Lieutenant Charles Molesworth, the only son of Lord and Lady Molesworth, the number of heirs to peerages who have been killed in action is brought up to sixty. The present holder of the title saw service in the Tihah Expedition and was in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

"Smoking Attire for Ladies."

IN A WEST END SHOP I saw yesterday little gold-embroidered jackets with the jauntiest caps to match. They were labelled, "Smoking attire for ladies." I was informed they were selling rapidly.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Savoy Conference.

I HEARD SOME more gossip yesterday about the Savoy conference between the British, French and Italian Prime Ministers at St. Jean de Maurienne. In the evening Mr. Lloyd George felt that he must go for a stroll. So he walked to the cathedral with Baron Sonnino. The conference was supposed to be private, but everybody in the little town seemed to recognise the British Prime Minister.

A Gift of Flowers.

YOU HAVE HEARD, of course, about the little girl who received a kiss from Mr. Lloyd George in exchange for a bouquet of alpine flowers? The gift was quite impromptu and the bouquet was taken from a wedding party in the town.

Washington Hospitality.

IF ONE CAN JUDGE by the news cablegrams, Mr. Balfour is in for a royal time in Washington. I am afraid, however, our American Allies will find it difficult to do much entertaining for Marshal Joffre when he arrives.

Despair of the Chef.

THE GREAT French soldier has the simplest tastes. He drinks practically nothing and eats sparingly. Earlier in the war he used



Miss Grey Egerton, who is the commandant in charge of the Margaret McCall Hospital at Strathban Hill. She is the daughter of Sir Philip Grey Egerton.

to be the despair of the staff chef at the front, as he never wanted anything but pot au feu for lunch.

A Service Wedding.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENDERSON-SCOTT'S marriage to Miss Mackern yesterday was very much an affair of the Services. St. George's, Hanover-square, was crowded with officers red-tabbed and untapped, for the bridegroom, who fought in France under Sir Douglas Haig, is now on the War Office staff.

Blue Starched Gowns.

THE OPPOSITE aisles were made gay by the V.A.D. nurses, led by their commandant, Lady Wilson, who came up from the Eastbourne hospital where the bride is nursing. Their blue starched gowns and Lady Wilson's red gown looked delightful. What will smart V.A.D. nurses do now the ban is out against starch?

A Chaplet of Myrtle.

THE BRIDE not only wore a chaplet of myrtle but slung her train from myrtle shoulder-straps. The bridesmaids were also original, for their Early Victorian "layer-poses" were encircled with blue and yellow tulle frills, instead of the usual stiff paper.

The Temperance House.

THERE IS now a no-drink public-house in the Euston-road. I saw the Duchess of Marlborough open it yesterday afternoon. Its motto is "The three R's"—not the education three of our youth, but "Rest, Recreation and Refreshment."

The White Restaurant.

THE DUCHESS, Mrs. Parker (Lord Kitchener's sister) and the Dowager Lady Drog-heda, who went over it, were shown the big white restaurant with mirrors where the people will eat to music, billiard-rooms, concert-rooms and even a shooting gallery.

Stop Restaurant Music.

A FOOD ECONOMY expert expressed the view to me yesterday that afternoon extravagance in the restaurants could only be stopped if the authorities prohibited music there during the war—if not for the whole day, then between the hours of, say, 2.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. A census of the people indulging in a wholly unnecessary fourth meal during those hours, he suggested, would produce some amazing figures.

Going Behind Backs.

I AM TOLD (writes my Dublin correspondent) that a well-known Nationalist M.P., who went to South Longford to speak for the Redmondite candidate was made the victim of a "practical joke." On leaving the church after Mass he was surprised to find he was the subject of ridicule. Later he found why. To his coat-tails was pinned a placard reading, "Vote for McGuinness" (the Sinn Fein candidate).

The Eyes Have It.

THE South Longford election, I hear, is very lively. Street fights between the two factions are not uncommon, and I have heard of two well-known men who had an argument and then began to have a battle royal in the village street.

Finding the Lady.

A MAN of big words buttonholed an Irish farmer as he was leaving a private political conference in Dublin. "Did you observe any manifestation of acrimony?" he asked. "No," replied the farmer; "she couldn't have been there, for no ladies were admitted."

Nearly a Tragedy.

THE LATE Murray Carson, playing the villain in "The Red Lamp," was nearly the cause of a world tragedy. A dagger used by the actor in some way left his hand, flew over the footlights, and stuck quivering in the arm of a front-row stall. In the seat sat Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

"Ghosts."

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, who translated Ibsen's "Ghosts," had revised his work twice for private production. He has again looked it over for Mr. Victor Lewis, who has decided to produce it at the Kingsway on Saturday evening next.

The Optimist Defined.

WILL TRUE, the poster-artist, gave me the other day a good definition of an optimist—a man who doesn't care what happens so long as it does not happen to him.

Fresh Attractions.

"BUBBLES," "£150," "Cheep." This is not an auction comment on the famous picture, but titles of three new revues which are due this week.

A Reasonable Reprisal.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me if it would be possible to restrict the supply of fruit to German prisoners. "It would be," he says, "a fitting punishment for the ruthless destruction of the fruit trees of France."

An Instant Success.

ALREADY MANY appreciative criticisms of Mr. Mark Allerton's new serial have reached me. The story has delighted many people today, and I predict that "In a Gilded Cage" will be a great success. Nobody should miss the beginning of this splendid serial, and they will find that the interest increases as the story proceeds.

The Bitor Bit.

A GOOD STORY is told of a magistrate who the other day hailed a taxicab to drive him in hot haste to the Law Courts. "He was surprised at the slow speed of the taxicab."



Mrs. Roy Nordheimer, the wife of Captain Roy Nordheimer, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. She is appearing at the Canadian Ambulance.



Mrs. Ralph Polo, who is the beautiful wife of the 10th Hussars. She is the daughter of Colonel W. Lindsay.

"Hurry, my man, hurry." "I don't think so," said the man, "last month you fined me for driving beyond the limit."

Many Happy Returns.

"THEN," exclaimed the prospering theatrical manager, as he gazed complacently at the crowded circles and gallery, "there are my profit-tiers!"

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON LONDON W.8

Mantle Department 1st Floor



Bunty.

BUNTY

(as sketch). Chic Black Taffeta Coat. Can be worn with any gown or skirt. Collar, revers and belt are finished with fancy stitching. revers can be worn open or fastened across chest. In Small, Medium and Outsize. When ordering please send bust measurement.

PRICE 29/11

New Models

direct from Paris are now showing in our Mantle Salon on First Floor. Inspection is invited.

NINA (as sketch)

Black Taffeta Coat, suitable for all occasions. New collar and revers which can be worn open or closed, belt with tie ends, and fancy pockets. Made in Small, Medium and Large sizes.

PRICE 42/-

Also made in Brown & Navy, Taffeta at the same price.

When ordering please give bust measurement.

Nina.

MOLLY.

All-Wool Velour Blanket Cloth Coat with Military belt and pockets. Collar can be fastened high at neck if desired. 48in. long. In Black, Navy, Green, Purple, Grey, and Fawn.

PRICE 45/9

Similar Style with square collar and button belt. In Navy, Green, Navy, Molly, Rose, Grey, Brown, 42/- and Purple. Price 49/6

Black and White Check Coats. Price 49/6

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READ "IN A GILDED CAGE," BY MARK ALLERTON ON PAGE 9

Daily Mirror

PETROGRAD'S ICE SUPPLY.

ARCHWAY OF BANDAGES FOR A BRIDE.



Removing the ice, which is a source of considerable profit.



Loading blocks on a sleigh.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

All through the winter men are engaged on the Neva in removing the ice, which is placed in cold storage.



Nurses who held up bandages formed the guard of honour at the wedding of Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson-Scott and Miss Mackern, at St. George's, Hanover-square.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

LORD KITCHENER MOURNED AS DROWNED AT SEA—ST. GEORGE'S DAY SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S.



Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle leaving.



General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien (in centre).



Sir William Baillie-Hamilton.

There was a large congregation yesterday at the annual service held in the Chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, at which Lord Kitchener and his friend,

Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzgerald, were mourned as "drowned at sea." Twelve members of the Order have been killed in action.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)